Mr. ROWE's

POEMS.

Price 1 s.

BOOKS lately Printed for E. CURLL.

I. THE Whole Works of M. BOILEAU. Made *English* by the moſt Eminent Hands: With his Life written to JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq; and ſome Account of this Tranſlation, by N. ROWE, Eſq; Adorn'd with Cuts. *8vo.* 3 Vol. Price 15 *s.*

II. The Works of Monſ. DE LA BRUYERE, containing, 1. The *Moral Characters* of *Theophraſtus*. 2. The *Characters*, or the *Manners of the Preſent Age*, with a compleat Key inſerted. 3. M. *Bruyere*'s Speech upon his Admiſſion into the *French Academy*. 4. An Account of the Life and Writings of M. *Bruyere*, by M. COSTE. The 6*th* Edition. Reviſ'd by the laſt *Paris* Edition. With an Original Chapter, *Of the Manner of living with Great Men.* Written after M. *Bruyere*'s Method. By N. ROWE, Eſq; 2 Vol. *8vo.* Price 9 *s.*

III. CALLIPÆDIA (or, the Art of getting Beautiful Children.) A POEM, in Four Books. Written in *Latin* by the Abbot *Quillet*. Made *Engliſh* by N. ROWE, Eſq; *8vo.* Price 4 *s.*

IV. MEMOIRS of K. EDWARD IV. and JANE SHORE; being an Impartial Account of their Amours, and their Character fully drawn. Extracted from the beſt Hiſtorians. Very neceſſary for the Readers of her Tragedy, written by N. ROWE, *Eſq*; *4to.* Price 6 *d.*

V. A Collection of Original Poems, Tranſlations, and Imitations. By Mr. PRIOR, Mr. ROWE, Dr. SWIFT, and other Eminent Hands. *8vo.* Price 5 *s.*

The Exceptionable PASSAGES *left out in the Acting and Printing of the Tragedy of* JANE SHORE.

ACT III.

SCENE the Duke of *Gloſter* and Lord *Haſtings*.

Gloſt. ——————Have you not heard
How, on a late Occaſion, Dr. *Shaw*
Has mov'd the People much about the Lawfulneſs
Of *Edward*'s Iſſue? by right grave Authority
Of Learning and Religion, plainly proving,
A Baſtard Scyon never ſhould be grafted
Upon a Royal Stock. ——————
L. Haſt. Ill befall
Such medling Prieſts, who kindle up Confuſion,
And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples.
By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect Spite to Peace,
As if they fear'd their Trade were at an End
If Laymen ſhould agree.——————
Gloſt. What if the ſame Eſtates, the Lords and
Commons, ſhould alter——————
L. Haſt. What?
Gloſt. The Order of Succeſſion.

L. Haſt.

L. *Hast.* Curse on the innovating Hand attempts it!
Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great Day of Vengeance! blast the Traytor,
And his pernicious Counsels; who for Wealth,
For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.

FINIS.

Just Publish'd,

THE Gentleman's Accomptant; or, An Essay to unfold the Mystery of Accompts by way of Debtor and Creditor, commonly called Merchants Accompts, and applying the same to the Concerns of the Nobility and Gentry of *England*. Shewing, I. The great Advantage of Gentlemens keeping their own Accompts, with Directions to Persons of Quality and Fortune. II. The Ruin that attends Men of Estates, by Neglect of Accompts. III. The Usefulness of the Knowledge of Accompts, to such as are any way employ'd in the Publick Affairs of the Nation. IV. Of Banks, those of *Venice* and the *Turkey* Company. V. Of Stocks and Stock-Jobbing; the Frauds therein detected. VI. A short and easy Vocabulary of certain Words, that in the Language of Accompting take a particular Meaning. Done by a Person of Honour. Printed for *E. Curll*, at the *Dial* and *Bible* against St. *Dunstan*'s Church in *Fleetstreet*. 1714. Price 4 *s.* Plain, or 5 *s.* neatly Bound and Gilt.

BRITISH
9 JY 74
MUSEUM

POEMS

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By *N. ROWE*, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL at the Dial and Bible against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street*. 1714.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY N. ROWE, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for R. Cruttenden at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-Street. 1714.

POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.

An EPISTLE to FLAVIA,

On the Sight of two Pindarick Odes on the *Spleen* and *Vanity*.

Written by a Lady her Friend.

FLAVIA, to you with Safety I commend,
This Verse, the secret Failing of your Friend.
To your Good-nature I securely trust,
Who know that to Conceal is to be just.

The Muse, like wretched Maids by Love undone,
From Friends, Acquaintance, and the Light would run;
Conscious of Folly, fears attending Shame,
Fears the censorious World, and Loss of Fame.
Some Confident by chance she finds (tho' few
Pity the Fools, whom Love or Verse undo)
Whose fond Compassion sooths her in the Sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

SURE, in the better Ages of old Time,
Nor Poetry nor Love was thought a Crime;
From Heav'n they both, the Gods best Gifts, were sent,
Divinely perfect both, and Innocent.
Then were bad Poets and loose Loves not known,
None felt a Warmth which they might blush to own.

Beneath

Beneath cool Shades our happy Fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure untainted Joys the Day:
Artleſs their Loves, artleſs their Numbers were,
While Nature ſimply did in both appear,
Nor could the Cenſor or the Critick fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given Good.
At length, like *Indians*, fond of fancy'd Toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curſt Age, to puniſh Verſe and Sin,
Criticks and Hang-men, both at once, came in;
Wit and the Laws had both the ſame ill Fate,
And partial Tyrants ſway'd in either State:
Then a lewd Tide of Verſe, with vicious Rage,
Broke in upon the Morals of the Age.
The Stage (whoſe Art was once the Mind to move
To Noble Daring, and to Virtuous Love)

Precept, with Pleaſure mixt, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double-meaning Bawdy Jeſt:
The ſhocking Sounds offend the bluſhing Fair,
And drive 'em from the guilty Theatre.
Ye wretched Bards! from whom theſe Ills have ſprung,
Whom the avenging Pow'rs have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the Blow will ſurely come,
Your *Sodom* has no *Ten* t' avert its Doom;
Unleſs the Fair ARDELIA will alone
To Heav'n for all the guilty Tribe atone;
Nor can *Ten Saints* do more than ſuch a *One*.
Since ſhe alone of the Poetick Crowd
To the falſe Gods of Wit has never bow'd;
The Empire, which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her Sway,
And all *Parnaſſus* her bleſt Laws obey.

SAY

SAY, from what Sacred Fountain, Nymph Divine!
The Treasures flow, which in thy Verse do shine?
With what strange Inspiration art thou blest,
What more than *Delphic* Ardor warms thy Breast?
Our sordid Earth ne'er bred so bright a Flame,
But from the Skies, thy Kindred Skies it came.
To Numbers great like thine th'Angelick Quire
In Joyous Consort tune the Golden Lyre.
Viewing, with pitying Eyes, our Care's with thee,
They wisely own, that *All is Vanity*;
Ev'n all the Joys which mortal Minds can know,
And find ARDELIA's Verse the least vain thing below.

IF PINDAR's Name to those blest Mansions reach,
And Mortal Muses may Immortal teach;
In Verse like His, the Heav'nly Nation raise
Their tuneful Voices to their Maker's Praise.

Nor

Nor ſhall Celeſtial Harmony diſdain
For once to imitate an Earthly Strain,
Whoſe Fame, ſecure, no Rival e're can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair ARDELIA here.
She, who undaunted, could his Raptures view,
And with bold Wings his Sacred Heights perſue.
Safe thro' the *Dithyrambick* Stream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough Deep in all its Dangers fear'd:
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs Pain
Th' unnavigable Torrent try'd in vain.
So CLELIA leapt into the rapid Flood,
While the *Etruſcans* ſtruck with Wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the Waves her raſh Perſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs Dame could only ſtem the Tide,
And gain the Glory of the farther Side.

SEE with what Pomp the Antick Maſque comes (in!
The various Forms of the Fantaſtick *Spleen.*

Vain

Vain empty Laughter, howling Grief and Tears,
False Joy, bred by false Hope, and falser Fears;
Each Vice, each Passion which pale Nature wears,
In this odd monstrous *Medley* mixt appears.
Like *Bays* his Dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, *Coquet*, *gay Fop*, and *pensive Nun*,
Spectres and *Heroes*, *Husbands* and their *Wives*,
With *Monkish-Drones* that dream away their Lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire Disease,
Nor found, but from ARDELIA's Numbers, Ease:
The dancing Verse runs thro' my sluggish Veins,
Where Dull and Cold the frozen Blood remains.
Pale Cares and anxious Thoughts give Way in haste,
And to returning Joy resign my Breast.
Then free from ev'ry Pain I did endure,
I bless the Charming Author of my Cure.

64

So when to SAUL the great Musician play'd,
The sullen Fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the Monarch's Breast to seek some safer Shade.

HORACE *Book* II. *Ode* IV. Imitated.

Ad XANTHIAM.

Ne sit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

The Lord G------ *to the E. of* S------

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *Br——g——le* the Brown,
But publickly espouse the Dame,
And say, G—— D—— the Town.

II.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good Commanders;
Some who with you have *Hounſlow* ſeen,
And ſome who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

DID not baſe *Greber*'s * PEGG inflame
The ſober Earl of *N*———*m*?
Of ſober Sire deſcended,
That careleſs of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-Houſes he nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

---

* *Seigniora* Franceſca Marguareta de l'Epine, *an* Italian *Songſtreſs.*

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is Hight,
Who rules the Roast with matchless Might,
Since WILLIAM went to Heaven;
Loves MAINTENON, his Lady bright,
Who was but SCARRON's Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*,
Yet she might come of gentler Kin
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she with Scorn rejected;
And can a Nymph so virtuous be
Of base-born Blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguiſh Eye,
Her ſlender Waſte, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But faith, tho' I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not Jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhall hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of five and Forty.

HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* IX. Imitated.

Ad LYDIAM.

Donec gratus eram.

Tonſ.] WHILE at my Houſe in *Fleet-ſtreet* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time paſs'd away?
While I partook your Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,
I was the happieſt Creature on * God's *Yearth.*

Congreve,] WHILE in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not ſuch a Paſſion;

---

* Tonſon *(Sen.) his Dialect.*

While

While yet you did not use (as now your Trade) is
To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies;
Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert, to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest Fellow living.

Tonson,] I'M in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,
A most *sweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes and Models,
And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd-Hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heaven would die.

Congreve,] TEMPLE and DALAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are *tàm Mercurio* both *quàm Marte*;

And

And tho' for them I ſhall ſcarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix Nights in ſeven.

Tonſon,] WHAT if from VAN's dear Arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my *Bunnians* at your Fire;
If I to *Bow-ſtreet* ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me dear Mr. CONGREVE, Would you come?

Congreve,] THO' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were Ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a dancing Bear:
Yet for your ſake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

HORACE

HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* XXI.

Ad AMPHORAM.

O Nata mecum conſule Manlio.

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask, whoſe venerable Head
With hoary Down, and ancient Duſt
o'er-ſpread,
Proclaim that ſince the Vine firſt brought Thee forth
Old Age has added to thy Worth.
Whether the ſprightly Juice thou doſt contain,
Thy Vot'ries will to Wit and Love,
Or ſenſeleſs Noiſe and Lewdneſs move,
Or Sleep, the Cure of theſe and ev'ry other Pain.

II.

Since to ſome Day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by Fate;
This Day, the happieſt of thy many Years,
With thee I will forget my Cares:
To my CORVINU's Health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to Day,
And longer Age would bring Decay)
Till ev'ry anxious Thought in the rich Stream be drown'd.

III.

To thee, my Friend, his Roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And SOCRATES himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old CATO wou'd ſometimes unbend
The rugged Stiffneſs of his Mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his Bowl,
His frozen Virtue felt the Charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſt the ſprightly Pow'r that chear'd his gloomy Soul.

IV.

With kind Constraint ill Nature thou dost bend,
And mold the snarling Cynic to a Friend.
The Sage reserv'd, and fam'd for Gravity,
Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows easy, gay,
and free.
The Swain, who did some credulous Nymph
perswade
To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his Vanity,
And to his fellow Fops toasts the abandon'd Maid.

V.

The Wretch, who press'd beneath a Load of Cares,
And lab'ring with continual Woes, despairs,
If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Sense invade,
From Earth he rears his drooping Head,

Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
His flying Cares give way to haste,
And to the God resign his Breast,
Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return.

VI.

The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toyl and Pains,
Amidst his Wants a wretched Life maintains;
If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
Of Kings, and of their Arbitrary Pow'r;
And how by impious Arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude Disdain,
And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine,
Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs Divine,
All that to Mirth and Friendship do incline,

Crown this auſpicious Cask, and happy Night,
With all things that can give Delight,
Be every Care and anxious Thought away;
Ye Tapers ſtill be bright and clear,
Rival the Moon, and each pale Star,
Your Beams ſhall yield to none, but his who brings
(the Day.

HORACE, *Book* IV. *Ode* 1.

Ad VENEREM.

Intermiſſa, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves?

ONce more the Queen of Love invades my
(Breaſt,
Late, with long Eaſe, and peaceful Plea-
(ſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the Wretch, that ſtill has been thy Slave,
And let my former Service have
The Merit to protect me to the Grave.

Much

Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under CYNARA good and fair,
With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
Bleſt in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.

II.

Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,
With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoak I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful Breaſts, to Mirth and Gaiety?
Go, bid thy Swans their gloſſy Wings expand,
And ſwiftly thro' the yielding Air
To SYLVIA Thee their Goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be Thy Slave, and fit for thy Command.

III.

Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue.

Skill'd

Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing Arts,
With wondrous Force the Youth imparts
Thy Pow'r to unexperienc'd Virgins Hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the Bounds of thy Command,
And if thou ſhalt his Wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his Rivals with Succeſs,
In Gold and Marble ſhall thy Statues ſtand.

IV.

Beneath the Sacred Shade of *Odel*'s Wood,
Or on the Banks of *Ouſe*'s gentle Flood,
With od'rous Beams a Temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy Praiſe,
Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love it ſelf (decays.
There while rich Incenſe on Thy Altar burns,
Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
In melting ſoft harmonious Strains,
Mixt with the ſofter Flutes, ſhall tell their Flames (by turns.

V. As

V.

As Love and Beauty with the Light are born,
So with the Day thy Honours shall return;
Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a blushing Maid,
A Troop of either Sex shall lead,
And twice the *Salian* Measures round thy Altar (tread.
Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,
The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
Together rise, together sit,
But Goddess do thou stay, and bless alone the Night.

VI.

There mayst thou reign, while I forget to love:
No more false Beauty shall my Passion move;
Nor shall my fond, believing Heart be led,
By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd,
To hope for Truth from the protesting Maid.
With Love the sprightly Joys of Wine are fled;
The Roses too shall wither now,

That us'd to ſhade and crown my Brow,
And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours (ſhed.

VII.

But tell me, CYNTHIA, ſay, bewitching Fair,
What mean theſe Sighs? Why ſteals this falling Tear?
And when my ſtrugling Thoughts for Paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my Tongue refuſe to move?

Tell me, can this be any thing but Love?
Still with the Night my Dreams my Griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my Eyes,
And ſtill in vain, I, as ſhe flies,
O'er Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the ſcornful (Maid perſue.

HORACE *Book* I. *Epist.* IV.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, *nostrorum sermonum candide judex.*

Inscribed to R. THORNHILL, Esq;

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart (commend
The Critick's Art, and Candour of a (Friend,
Say what thou dost in thy Retirement find
Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind?
Whether the Tragick Muse inspires thy Thought,
To emulate what moving OTWAY wrote;
Or whether to the Covert of some Grove
Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove,

Where

Where to thy self thou all those Rules dost show,
That Good Men ought to practise, or Wise know.
For sure thy Mass of Man, is no dull Clay,
But well inform'd with the Celestial Ray.
The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,
In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind:
And tho' they did profusely Wealth bestow,
They gave thee the true Use of Wealth to know.
Cou'd ev'n the Nurse wish for her darling Boy
A Happiness which thou dost not enjoy,
What can her fond Ambition ask, beyond
A Soul by Wisdom's noblest Precepts crown'd?
To this, fair Speech, and happy Utterance join'd,
To unlock the secret Treasures of the Mind,
And make the Blessing common to Mankind.
On these let Health and Reputation wait,
The Favour of the Virtuous and the Great.

A Table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
Stranger alike to Riot and to Need.
Such an Estate as no Extreams may know,
A free and just Disdain for all things else below.
Amidst uncertain Hopes, and anxious Cares,
Tumultuous Strife, and miserable Fears,
Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,
And let each Day be to Thee as thy last.
That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleasure rise,
Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.
Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
Batt'ning in Ease you'll find, sleek, fresh and fair.
Me, who have learnt from EPICURUS Lore,
To snatch the Blessings of the flying Hour;
Whom every *Friday* at the *Vine* you'll find,
His true Disciple, and your faithful Friend.

UNIO.

UNIO.

DUM Rosa *purpureo suffunditur ora rubore,*
Spina *gravis nitidi floris amore calat.*
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,
Quæ regit hortorum maxima FLORA, *vices*
Fœlices jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utrisque
Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.
Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,
Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam.

Englisht'd

Englisht'd *by the* AUTHOR.

WHile rich in brightest Red, the blushing *Rose*
Her freshest op'ning Beauties did disclose;
Her, the rough *Thistle*, from a neighb'ring Field,
With fond Desires and Lovers Eyes beheld:
Streight the fierce Plant lays by his pointed Darts,
And woes the gentle Flower with softer Arts.
Kindly she heard, and did his Flame approve,
And own'd the Warrior worthy of her Love.
FLORA, whose happy Laws the Seasons guide,
Who does in Fields and painted Meads preside,
And crowns the Gardens with their Flow'ry Pride,
With Pleasure saw the wishing Pair combine
To favour what their Goddess did design,
And bid 'em in Eternal UNION join.

Hence-

Henceforth, she said, in each returning Year,
One Stem the *Thistle* and the *Rose* shall bear:
The *Thistle*'s lasting Grace, Thou, O my *Rose!* shalt be,
The warlike *Thistle*'s Arms, a sure Defence to Thee.

EPIGRAM.

To the Two New Members *for* BRAMBER, 1708.

THO' in the *Commons-House* you did prevail,
Good Sir CLEEVE MOORE, and gentle Master (HALE;
Yet on Good Luck be cautious of relying,
Burgess for *Bramber* is no Place to die in.
Your Predecessors have been odly fated;
ASGILL and SHIPPEN have been both *Translated.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY,

At the Theatre Royal in *Drury Lane*,

April the *7th*, 1709.

At her Playing in *Love for Love* with Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, for the Benefit of Mr. BETTERTON.

AS Some Brave *Knight*, who once with Spear (and Shield
Had fought Renown in many a well-(fought Field,
But now no more with Sacred Fame inspir'd,
Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd;
There, if by Chance disastrous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,

He

He feels ſoft Pity urge his Gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more, to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
Buckl'd in *Mail* he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

SO We, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes Adieu,
To aid old THOMAS, and to pleaſure you.
Like Errant Damſels boldly we Engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the Defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this Good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any *She*, ſhould hold his Back;
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By * two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee, what failing Nature brings Man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.

* *Mrs.* Barry *and Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *claſp him round the Waſte.*

Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the Youngeſt of you all do more?

WHAT he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old SHAKESPEAR's Ghoſt had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a Worthleſs, Witleſs, Taſtleſs Town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the Muſes Labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could Play?

But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,

Go on, and make the Gen'rous Work compleat;

Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,

Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe.

In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,

Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.

In Peace and Eaſe Life's Remnant let him wear,

And hang his conſecrated Buskin * here.

---

* *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

On the Last Judgment, and Happiness of the Saints in Heaven.

IN that blest Day, from ev'ry Part the Just,
Rais'd from the liquid Deep, or mould'ring Dust,
The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
All of past Ages, present, and to come,
In full Assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious Court:
There famous Names rever'd in Days of old,
Our great Forefathers there we shall behold,
From whom old Stocks and Ancestry began,
And worthily in long Succession ran;

The

The Reverend Sires with Pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous Deed, and many a noble Feat.

There, all those tender Ties, which here below,
Or Kindred, or more sacred Friendship know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.

Refin'd from Passion, and the Dregs of Sense,
A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,
Its everlasting Being shall commence;

There, like their Days, their Joys shall ne'er be done,
No Night shall rise, to shade Heav'ns glorious Sun,
But one Eternal Holy Day go on.

FINIS.

Just Publish'd the following Books, printed with an Elzevir *Letter in neat Pocket Volumes, Adorn'd with Cuts.*

I. MR. CREECH's Translation of the *Idyllium's* (or, *Love Dialogues*, &c.) of that Antient *Greek* Poet THEOCRITUS; viz. 1. *The Lamentation for* Thyrsis, *who died for Love.* 2. *The Inchantment, or the Forsaken Nymph.* 3. *The Coy Mistress.* 4. Comatas *and* Laco: or, *The Prize of Singing.* 5. *The Loves of* Polyphemus *and* Galatea. 6. *The Praise of Love.* 7. *The Remedy of Love.* 8. *The tatling Gossips: Or, the Feast of* Adonis. 9. *An Epithalamium at the Marriage of* Helena *and* Menelaus. 10. *Advice to a Friend to be constant in his Love.* 11. *The Cruel Fair One.* 12. *The Death of* Pentheus *King of* Thebes, *whom his Mother and Aunts tore in pieces for disturbing the Solemnities of* Bacchus. To which is prefix'd *Rapin*'s Discourse upon Pastorals; also the Life of *Theocritus*, by *Basil Kennet*, M.A. of C. C. C. *Oxon.* Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

II. The Works of ANACREON, SAPPHO, and BION, with their Lives Prefix'd. Done from the *Greek* by the late Earl of *Winchelsea*, Mr. *Ambrose Phillips*, Mr. *Sewell*, &c. Containing, 1. *Cupid, or the Cunning Beggar.* 2. *Love and Beauty.* 3. *The Dream.* 4. *The Vain Advice.* 5. *The Enjoyment.* 6. *The Praise of* Bacchus. 7. *The Jolly Drunkard.* 8. *The Careless Companions.* 9. *The Drunkard's Delight.* 10. *The Effects of Wine.* To which is added, *The Prize of Wisdom*, a Dialogue between *Anacreon* and *Aristotle*, from the *French* of M. *Fontanelle.* Price 2 *s.*

BRITISH 9 JY 74 MUSEUM